

The RALLY

A Scouting Magazine for the American Girl

Volume II, Number 6

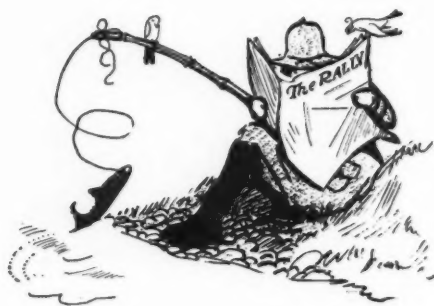
MARCH, 1919

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



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Scouts' Own Number



*To Be Sung To Any Old Tune,
Anytime,
Anywhere!*

Are you looking for good stories,
Full of fun—adventure, too—
Or a page of newsy letters,
Telling what the Girl Scouts do?
Do you want some jolly camp songs,
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Do you like bright picture pages?

*Read the RALLY—
They're all there!*

Have you heard a funny scout joke,
Can you write a lively rhyme,
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Busy scouts from everywhere,
Send them quickly to the RALLY,

*We are waiting—
For them there!*

**\$1.00 for One Year—
Sample Copy 12 cents**



HER STEPMOTHER



By Josephine Daskam Bacon

HELENA turned the little blue envelope over in her hand, and studied the address curiously.

"This one is from Papa," pointing to a big white one in her lap, "but who would be writing from New York except him?"

Her Aunt Ellen looked up from her egg-cup with a strange little smile.

"I should open it and see," she advised, with the little air of reproof that always irritated her niece.

There is no denying it. Helena and her aunt did not get along very well together. To begin with, Aunt Ellen was a practical lady with slight sympathy for Helena's fads and fancies. She was not married, and her own young-girlhood was apparently too far away to have left her any memories of its needs or feelings. In the second place, Helena was rather spoiled by a father too loving to deny his little motherless daughter any pleasure. With an equally indulgent grandmother, her only source of discipline for fourteen years, it is perhaps no great wonder that Aunt Ellen found her, on Grandmother Hunt's death, not the easiest of wards. She thought her niece selfish and opinionated, and told her so. Helena complained to her busy father in the anxious intervals of his professional duties that Aunt Ellen was narrow-minded and disagreeable. He looked grave, and wondered what was to be done with this child already growing so tall and graceful—and the office-bell would ring, and he was off.

Helena opened the blue envelope, and frowned a little.

"I don't know who this is"—turning to the signature, *Alice E. Marsh*. "Who may she be?"

"My dear Helena (for I cannot call you anything else): Your father mentions your name so often, I cannot let his letter go to you without this little note to accompany the photograph he insists that I shall send. I hope you will like it and me, too, a little—sometime. More than that I will not ask. I am not at all blind to the strangeness of the situation. I would have learned to know you more gradually if I could have done so safely, but your father's letter will show you that his slightest wish could not be denied at so critical—"

"What does it all mean? Who is Alice E. Marsh? Isn't this absurdly funny, Aunt Ellen? I don't see any photograph—do you suppose one came?"

Aunt Ellen looked relieved.

"I am glad to see you so amused, my dear," she said, nervously. "It will probably come in the next mail."

Helena stared her. "What is the matter with you, Aunt Helen?" she asked, quickly, "are you—do you—who is Alice E. Marsh?"

She did not understand her aunt's face.

"Why does Papa want me to have her picture?"

Aunt Ellen did not answer.

Helena tore open her father's letter, and, with a strange frightened thrill at her heart, began it:

"My Dear Little Daughter: You have been for so long motherless that I have had all your love. Can you spare some of it now for—"

And that was all of her father's letter that Helena ever read. Crushing it in her hand she turned very white, and faced her aunt.

"Aunt Ellen, is Papa going to marry another woman?" she demanded in a low voice.

"I—I believe he is, Helena."

"Is that why I am to see her picture?"

"I suppose so, Helena."

She walked over to the grate, and thrust both the letters in the fire. "I will never look at it, nor her either," she said, coldly, and left the room.

She lay on her bed without knowing how she came there. She was too bitterly angry to cry. She had but one thought—her father's treachery to her. So this was what he had been doing in New York! This was why for two weeks he had written but twice, and then for two more only telegrams had come! And she had thought it was that course of medical lectures at Bellevue that was keeping him so terribly busy! He was tired of her: she was not enough for him, his own little daughter.

Suddenly, like a flash, it came over her: had it been done for her? Was this person to be put over her to correct her and govern her? "She shall never do it," said the girl to herself. "If Papa has married a nurse for me—" and she set her white little teeth. The look on her tear-

stained passionate face boded but little comfort to the woman whose kindly heart had prompted the little note.

Helena did not leave her room that night and Aunt Ellen, with singular tact, did not disturb her. She cried and tossed till very exhaustion put her to sleep, and in the morning a hard headache kept her in bed. For a day she lay listless, and would not eat, and the next day, in direct defiance of Aunt Ellen, she dragged herself out and went in a heavy storm to the office to mail a letter. It was to Miss Alice E. Marsh, and was such a letter as only a spoiled, hurt, sick child, wounded in her strongest point—her pride—could have written. She came back with wet feet, and brooded over the fire till her shivering thoroughly frightened Aunt Ellen, who sent her peremptorily to bed. Helena went, stupidly, wondering why she obeyed, and fell into a dull sleep. When she woke it was late in the morning, and she heard Aunt Ellen whispering loudly outside the door.

"James always said to get a trained nurse immediately in case of any fever—she had a high fever all night. I don't know—"

"Does she know about her father's —" This was another voice. Aunt Ellen interrupted:

"No, he wouldn't have told her. He insisted. He may have told her in the letter, but she tore it up without reading it, and burned it. Will you see her?"

The door opened, and Dr. Hart came in. Helena opened her eyes and scowled at him.

"How foolish! I'm not sick at all," she remonstrated, as he sat down professionally by the bed. But he shook his head.

"These are pretty hot hands—"

"She has been troubled with school work lately," put in Aunt Ellen.

Helena flashed a quick glance at her.

"You know nothing whatever about it, Aunt Ellen," she cried, decidedly.

Dr. Hart raised his eyebrows. "Come, come!" he thought, "this little girl wants a stronger hand!" But he only said that bed for a day or two would make it all right, and left a powder and went away.

For three days the angry girl kept
(Continued on page 18)

The RALLY

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DO YOU LIKE THE RALLY THIS MONTH?

Once, in the beginning, THE RALLY was written almost entirely for captains. There were articles for leaders and by leaders, and many official announcements. The poor scouts really had to hunt pretty hard before they found anything that was their very own. Then one day, illustrations and scout news found their way into the magazine, and received such a warm welcome that they became permanent features. From that time THE RALLY became younger with every issue, until it found itself so entirely devoted to scouts that it was afraid the captains would feel neglected. That is the reason why last month, to make up, it issued a special "Captains' Number."

But this time we've gone way to the other extreme and planned a real girls' magazine. Now the question is—how do you like it?

What do you think of the new Department—The Scout Scrap Book? How would you like to have these pages every month, given over to stories, verses, drawings and snapshots—all contributed by scouts themselves? We're going to try to

The RALLY

have The Scrap Book regularly, for a while anyway, and if you send us enough good material, we may keep it indefinitely, and perhaps even make a big department out of it some day. It's up to you!

And Washington Scouts, aren't you just delighted to have two whole pages of Washington material? It's like a news sheet of your very own, except that it's better, for you have not only the Washington news, but the national news, too, beside a lot of fine fiction, pictures and features. If you like your department, write to Mrs. Colman, your Local Director, and tell her what a good idea you think it is!

Yes, THE RALLY is growing fast and adding new things all the time. And you can't wish for it to grow any bigger and better than we do ourselves. But there is just one way to make this happen, that is to get subscribers. Tell every scout you know about our Girl Scout magazine. Urge her to subscribe, now. With plenty of loyal scouts back of us there is no telling how big and important we may become!

VICTORY LOAN ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the last meeting of the National Executive Board it was unanimously voted that the Girl Scouts should not sell Liberty Bonds to strangers, or in public places, or directly assist in such sales during the next campaign.

This does not mean that no girl who is a scout may do this, but it means that she may not do it officially, as a Girl Scout. For this reason the Government medal will not be given in this connection.

Any indirect assistance the Girl Scouts may give the various women's committees in this campaign, such as messenger service, etc., does not come under this ruling, and may be decided by the local authorities.

This decision has been reached after a careful consideration of the attitude of the Treasury Officials in this matter, and because the dangers and disadvantages of employing the Girl Scouts as Bond Sellers are regarded by the National Board as greater, on the whole, than the results of the fine total they obtained in previous Loans, gratifying as these were.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions received at National Headquarters, for the extension of scouting, since January 20th, are:

Troop 4, Salem, Mass.....	\$ 2.00
Goldenrod Troop, Hammond, Indiana.....	10.00
Troop 3, Wheeling, West Virginia	10.00
	\$22.00
*Troop 4, Cleveland, Ohio	5.00
Total to January 20th.....	2,499.06

Total to February 15th..... \$2,526.06

*THE RALLY owes an apology to Cleveland, Ohio, for not having recorded its gift before. The contribution was received several months ago, but through an oversight failed to find its way into this column. Now we take great pleasure in acknowledging it and in publishing part of the letter that came with it.

"As our camp last summer did not cost as much as we had figured on we are sending \$5.00 to the scouting fund. This was our first year and as you know it keeps one busy getting equipment, etc., for the troop, so we have not been able to do much in the way of helping others financially, but have helped in many other ways. Twice we sold Thrift Stamps in the Arcade Booth for about three hours, netting in all about \$336.00 for our sales.

M. L., Captain."

The following letter came with the contribution from Troop 3, Wheeling, West Virginia:

"Enclosed please find \$10.00, which our troop wishes you to use in the carrying forward of the scout movement.

Our troop has been organized since last May and we feel quite proud of ourselves. The girls acted as messengers during the Liberty Loan Campaign. They assisted greatly in the "Baby Day" for our Day Nursery, (where our Troop is organized). They have also taken the Nursery children for outings, and acted as messengers for the Red Cross.

We are now saving papers, and collecting them for sale. During the holidays the Rotary Club asked us to serve their annual dinner.

We are more than glad to be able to do our little bit for Scouting and hope that sometime one of the Field Captains will come to see us and tell us more about it. We feel very far away sometimes. But we use our handbooks faithfully and trust that we are realizing the real value of the movement.

G. S. M., Captain.

An Exciting Story of Spanish-American War Days

OUT WITH THE TIDE

By Albert Bigelow Paine

INSTALLMENT II

CHAPTER III

Continued from the February RALLY
ADRIFT IN THE NIGHT

CHARLIE had dropped the sail immediately, and there was nothing further that he could do. By running his hand down into the water at the stern of the boat

he could feel that the rudder, as he suspected, had split in the narrow part. There was no possible way of repairing it. They must take their chances of being picked up or run down in the night by some passing craft.

The cloud and squall had passed and the sea was not high. There was no immediate danger of capsizing, but the breeze still came from the shore and the tide was carrying them farther and farther from land. The lights of Eastfield had disappeared; there was nothing about them but sea and gathering darkness. There was a little cubby hole of a cabin on the boat and Charlie coaxed Elsie to go down into it. The girl was shivering with cold and misery, but she could not bear the thought of leaving the deck, where she could at least see what dangers surrounded them. She finally went below, however, and Grief, who growled uneasily now and then, sat close beside her with his head on her lap.

Charlie came down, too, and searched through a small locker. Presently he gave an exclamation of satisfaction, and Elsie heard him strike a match. Then she saw him light a piece of candle and place it on the edge of one of the bunks. The next moment he held up a bicycle lamp.

"Look, Elsie!" he cried quite cheerfully, "here's an old lamp I used in here last year and it has oil in it. I'll fasten it to the mast so any boat that comes along can see it and not run us down. Don't cry, Elsie, we're certain to be picked up. I wouldn't at all mind going to sea in this old boat if I only had some way to steer it."

The light and Charlie's tone were

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Seventeen-year-old Charlie Blake, studying to become a doctor, finds his first patient in a little dog whose hind leg has been crushed. A successful operation is performed by Charlie and his cousin Elsie, and, finally, with a new wooden leg, the little animal is as happy as ever, in spite of the name of Grief, bestowed on him by the cousins.

The Spanish-American war is just breaking out. Charlie's father, Dr. Blake, has decided to enlist on one of the hospital ships. In spite of his pleading Charlie is not allowed to accompany his father. Instead, he is to go West with his mother and Elsie. On the last evening before leaving, he and Elsie go for a sail in Charlie's sailboat. Far from shore they realize the approach of a storm and hasten to turn back. Suddenly—snap! The rudder breaks! The little boat swings about and heads out to sea. Helpless, Charlie, Elsie and Grief speed into the darkening ocean ahead of them!

cheering. The little girl dried her eyes and watched him as he cleaned the lamp and arranged to tie it to the masthead.

"Do you really think, Charlie, that some one will see it?" she said.

"Of course they will. There are boats and vessels passing here all the time. They couldn't help—" then he paused. He remembered suddenly that very few American vessels were out now for fear of capture by Spanish cruisers and privateers, several of which had been reported off the coast lately.

He worked away busily at the lamp and did not finish the sentence. Elsie did not remember, and her faith in her cousin was unbounded. Her fear was passing away, and her greatest regret now was that her aunt and uncle would believe them drowned. As for Grief, the light and the changed tone of the voices had quite restored his good spirits and he hobbled about the little cubby hole, in which there was hardly room for him to wag his tail, that pounded first against one bunk and then the other and once really made Elsie laugh out. Then she hushed instantly, for a laugh sounded queerly there in that little cabin sur-

rounded on every side by the ocean and darkness.

Presently Charlie took the lamp and a stout string and went on deck. Elsie and Grief remained huddled in the cabin. After what seemed a very long time, the boy put his face in and called:

"Come on deck a minute and see what a fine signal we've got. If there's a vessel comes within five miles of us they could see that."

Elsie crept out, followed closely by Grief. The little lamp did show bravely at the masthead, and threw a half circle of light on the dark billowy waste about him. Beyond the circle all was blackness. It was very chilly on deck and they all went below. Charlie insisted on Elsie lying down in one of the bunks. For himself, he went back on deck every other minute and strained his eyes into the night, with the hope, which grew fainter, of discovering the lights of some passing steamer or schooner. He said to himself, that unless another squall came on they would do very well if—if they only had food and water. When he remembered that they had neither and that they might drift this way for days without being rescued he had a sick feeling at his heart. He was neither hungry nor thirsty as yet, and he had not mentioned these things to Elsie, who had forgotten bodily needs in the first grief and shock of their helplessness. Just then he felt something against his leg that caused him to start. He looked down and saw Grief, who had come up on deck behind him. As he regarded the animal a thought came to him that made him shudder. He had heard of starving sailors becoming cannibals, and he had heard of tribes of Indians who consider dog meat a luxury. But he grew sick as he remembered these things. Grief looked up in his face and whined. The boy spoke to him cheerfully, and the dog wagged his tail and barked.

They went below together and Charlie uttered a low exclamation of surprise and satisfaction as he saw that Elsie was asleep. She would sleep till morning, no doubt, so he blew out the piece of candle to save it. Then he went on deck again. And so through all the night the boy and the dog kept up their watch. Charlie walked up and down and

clapped his arms about him to keep warm, Grief following close behind. When it became too chilly they went below for a few moments. Elsie slept soundly, and for this at least the boy was thankful.

When the first gray streak of dawn came into the east Charlie lowered the bicycle lamp and put it out. There would not be oil enough as it was for another night and they must make it go as far as possible. The sky was quite clear again and the sea as calm as could be expected at the season. But the air was very cold on the water and the boy was shaking as with ague. He began to feel the need of food and warm drink. He consoled himself with the thought that it would be warm and fine when the sun came out, and then he remembered that it was Sunday and the first of May. He did not know as he stood there that the cannon was booming out victory in far away Manila and that the beautiful Maine was being avenged on that sweet Sabbath morning. He might have given three cheers had he known it, cold and wretched though he was.

The boy could only guess at their location. He judged that they might be anywhere from twenty-five to fifty miles off shore and that they were now simply drifting, without making much progress in any direction. The sun came out at last at a point somewhat different from his expectations, but he was glad to see it wherever it appeared. Elsie was still asleep.

As Charlie stood watching the sun rise he suddenly felt his heart leap and then stand still. Low down on the horizon, directly across the face of the sun, he saw what he believed was a dark object. His eyes were somewhat dazzled by the light, but when he rubbed them and looked again he was sure. Over against the sunrise were the masts and black smoke of a steamer. He wanted to shout, but he knew it would be useless. The vessel was still many miles away, and there was no certainty as to its direction. His first movement must be to fly a signal, and, without delay, he fixed his white handkerchief to the masthead. Then, constantly watching the stranger, it seemed to him that it gradually drew closer. By and by he was sure of it. The hull was well up now on the horizon, and it seemed to be coming almost bow on. He could restrain himself no longer.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he cried, bursting into the little cabin, "we're saved!"

The little girl bounded up in an instant and did not remember at first where she was. The big black

hull was in full view now, and coming almost directly toward them. As yet, however, the little boat did not appear to have been seen. Elsie drew out her handkerchief and waved it, while both gave a loud cheer and Grief barked.

As the steamer came nearer it was seen that she would pass within perhaps half a mile of the boat.

"Oh, Charlie, they surely will see us, won't they?" asked Elsie anxiously.

"Of course—they can't help it. They will even hear us."

Then both together called very loud, but the distance was still too great. Steadily the big black hull came in, and now it showed to them a broadside view. It was passing them, and they must make themselves heard or seen without delay. They gave another mighty shout together, and another. Then they uttered a cry of joy, for two sailors were seen at the side of the vessel and after a moment two more. The boy and girl waved and called again frantically. Then presently they saw a boat being lowered. Charlie turned to his cousin and kissed her.

"Oh, Elsie!" he cried, "we're saved now, I know." Grief danced about and barked wildly. The boy patted his head and danced with him.

"Charlie, Charlie!" exclaimed Elsie, who was eagerly watching the ship, "what flag is that they are flying?"

The boy turned. A banner was being run up and rippled out against the sunrise. He watched it steadily for a moment, and then his eyes rested on the dark-faced sailors who were now pulling toward them with a steady stroke.

"What flag is it, Charlie?" repeated Elsie; "don't you know?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I know that flag. It is the flag of Spain!"

CHAPTER IV

PRISONERS

LITTLE Elsie Blake turned a white face to her cousin.

"The flag of Spain," she echoed.

"Yes, and she carries guns. She is either a cruiser or a privateer."

"Oh, Charlie, what are we to do now?"

The boat that had been lowered was drawing very near by this time, and Grief, who had been watching it, began to bark furiously. The boy lowered his voice as he replied:

"We must make the best of it, Elsie. Anything is better than starving in an open boat, as we might have done. Let them see that we are delighted and thankful to be

picked up, as, of course, we are, and don't for an instant seem to be frightened or uneasy. Here they come. Both together now, bid them good-morning."

"Good-morning!" called the cousins, joining their voices cheerily, while Grief once more barked a vigorous welcome.

The sailors replied something in a strange tongue and drew up by the side of the little boat. Charlie extended his hand cordially and the boatswain took it. His dark and rather surly countenance softened somewhat under the boy's smile, and he intently regarded little Elsie's bright face surrounded with golden hair. The other sailors turned curiously from one to the other and commented in their own tongue. Then they looked at Grief, and presently one of them discovered and pointed out the dog's wooden hind leg. At this they set up a roar of laughter, in which the cousins joined, while Grief danced about, barking excitedly and causing all to laugh still more. Then the boatswain drew forth a stout rope and threw one end of it to Charlie, who passed it about the mast of the Fleetwing. The other end was made fast to the Spanish boat and the sailors bent to their oars, heading for their ship with the Fleetwing in tow. Now and then the sailors called back to them, but they could not understand the words, and believed they were talking to Grief, who seemed to understand and replied nosily. Now and then they caught the word "Americanos." This they knew meant Americans and referred to them.

"Do you suppose they will murder us, Charlie?" whispered Elsie.

"Oh, no, of course not," was the reassuring reply. "People don't do such things now." But as he spoke he remembered the terrible usage of the Cubans and the destruction of our beautiful Maine. He shuddered in spite of himself. He reflected, however, that if they bore themselves fearlessly and made a good impression on the ship's officers they were less likely to suffer, and he must not for a moment let Elsie's spirits droop.

"They may keep us prisoners a good while," he went on, "and we may see some pretty exciting times, and have to work. Perhaps you will be a nurse, after all. Could you stand it to nurse Spaniards, Elsie?"

"I—I—of, yes, Charlie, I suppose so, if they were suffering and needed me. You know Uncle Frank said that in the army the dead and disabled are no longer our enemies."

They had reached the ship's side by this time and looked up at the

row of heads bent over the railing. That the sailors were not in uniform convinced the boy that their captor was not a regular cruiser. He now noticed one man in a uniform, however, who seemed to be an officer from his dress, and on his cap, in gold letters, was the word "Ovideo," evidently the ship's name. He regarded the strangers intently a moment and then called out in fairly good English:

"Good-morning! You are early birds!"

"And it was the early birds that got caught this time," was Charlie's gay reply.

The officer laughed and translated it to the others, upon which they all laughed very loudly, as if it were a very great joke indeed. Then a ship's ladder was lowered and they went aboard, Charlie carrying Grief under his arm.

As they landed on deck the crew gathered around them, some looking

at the boy, many at Gold Elsie, and others at Grief, who hobbled and danced about on his wooden leg and kept them in a continual roar.

"Grief will keep them in good humor if nothing else will," thought Charlie, "and as long as they laugh they will hardly murder us."

The officer now came forward and shook hands with both of the cousins.

"Ah," he said, "it is that you will be our first prize. Not so large in the vessel but," turning gallantly to Elsie, "it is that it should contain a rare treasure of gold and jewels."

He was not an old man, and was rather handsome, but very dark. As he spoke he lifted a strand of Elsie's shining hair, and the girl instinctively shrank away from him. Charlie took a quick step forward.

"You must not do that!" he said sharply.

The Spaniard regarded him quizzically.

"It is that she will be your sweet-heart," he said, with half a sneer.

"No, she is my cousin. We have been brought up as brother and sister."

The sneer died away.

"Ah! And you will protect her. That is of a pleasure to know. It will be that you wish food. Come."

He waved his hand toward the gangway and the cousins descended, followed by Grief. From his hasty glance about the deck Charlie had come to the conclusion that the vessel was a privateer. She appeared to be an ordinary merchant steamer, with two smoke stacks and two modern guns of good calibre, mounted fore and aft. Below they found a comfortable cabin and a snug dining-room. Seated at the table were two other men in uniform. They rose and saluted as their conductor entered and the cousins concluded from this that he was the captain. His name, as they quickly learned, was Carletto, and his subordinates, Estval and Garcia. Neither of these spoke English, but at a word from their commander they showed extreme deference to their prisoners. A servant brought two more plates, and the cousins were soon eating a warm breakfast that was no less enjoyed because some of the dishes were peppery and strange. As for Grief he danced about and was fed by first one and then another of the officers, who laughed and commented excitedly in Spanish over his wooden limb.

At the Spanish captain's request, Charlie gave him a brief account of their accident, which Captain Carletto translated rapidly to the others. They regarded the cousins intently, and especially Elsie, whose cheeks were now aglow with warmth and excitement.

"And do your people expect to conquer in this war?" asked the captain as Charlie concluded.

The boy hesitated. He wanted to say, "We know we will," but replied courteously instead:

"Every nation must expect its own armies to win, but we know the Spanish fight bravely." And this reply being translated to the others, seemed to please them very much.

Then, as Grief once more capered about, the captain inquired concerning his false limb. Upon learning that Charlie had made it, he became greatly interested, and when he learned that he had also performed the amputation and was a student of surgery he translated excitedly to the others. Then there was some very rapid conversation between the officers, and presently Captain Car-

(Continued on page 16)



Charlie took a quick step forward. "You must not do that!" he said sharply.



GIRL SCOUTS

Giving service every day
In a cheerful, courteous way,
Running—always, at each call,
Loyal, helpful, saving all.
Sewing for the Belgians too
Cooking, knitting,—all can do,
Overjoyed to work and play
Under leaders of today.
Thrifty, healthy, happy crowd,
Scouts of whom we all are proud.

Barbara Freeman,
Newton, Mass.

A LITTLE BIT OF CHRISTMAS

In a New Bedford troop of Girl Scouts, several girls had been selling candy. They had not decided what to do with the profits until Christmas, when one of the girls suggested making a Christmas fund out of it. Through the Charity Organization they were put in touch with a poor family located in the north end of the city among the mill blocks.

Two of the girls went to visit the home. They found it poor, but very clean and neat. There were six small children and the mother. The father was sick in a Sanatorium. The oldest of the children was eleven. They all seemed to be in need of shoes. The mother had on an old pair which had belonged to the father.

The day before Christmas the

These are the lively Girl Scouts of Montclair, N.J., whose luncheon party is described in the verses "A Day's Doings."



fund had grown to \$17.00. A pair of shoes was purchased for each member of the family and a dress for the baby, hair ribbons for the four little girls, a book apiece and two pounds of Christmas candy.

One Girl Scout, eleven years old, made two pairs of socks for the baby and another girl made a petticoat for each little girl from outing flannel which had been given. The girls took the things on Christmas eve to the little home, and the happiness which they found fully repaid them for their work. In broken English they were thanked many times and wished a Merry Christmas!

Jennie Boardman,
New Bedford, Mass.



Troop 31, Memphis, Tennessee, has taken this old lady under its particular protection. The girls take turns doing odd jobs for her.

A DAY'S DOINGS

Some seven Scouts of Thistle Troop
Prepared a luncheon plain
For Goldenrod Troop in the Bronx;
Then dashed off to the train.

Four lively girls in uniform
From off the train did come,
And up the road, eleven strong
They marched as to a drum.

After the grand repast they washed
The dishes. You can't beat
The fun they had in dancing then
To exercise their feet.

Next basketball their fancy took
Till cameras appeared,
And lined up on the old stone wall
They grinned while small boys
jeered.

They sang awhile and then, alas!
The day was almost past,
So popcorn and molasses balls
Made bright those moments last.

They hastened to the station, then
Aboard the train they got,
"Come see us soon up in the Bronx,"
The parting words were shot.

Thistle Troop 2,
Montclair, N. J.

THE SCOUT

HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

We are members of Troop I at Blythedale Home, Hawthorne, N. Y. Although we are all handicapped in some way, we wished to be Girl Scouts. At first we were doubtful about it, because we thought there was so little we could do. We knew hikes and races were not for us, and that was all being a Girl Scout meant to us then. But when we found out all about it we knew we could be real scouts, too, and made a list of what we wanted to try.

Some of the badges we made up our minds to earn were for signalling and First Aid work. Then we knew we could try for the Child Nurse Badge, because we have many little children here, to be helped and cared for. And most of all we knew we would be able to do something to help our country.

We had eight girls in our troop at first, and we all studied and passed our Tenderfoot tests. We know the Semaphore Code, and are practicing for speed and accuracy. Some of our girls who cannot use the flag act as secretaries.

We hope to take our First Aid and Second Class tests very soon. Five girls have qualified for the Child Nurse Badge.

When we read about the War Award in THE RALLY, we were ready to start right in to win it, because we all sew, knit, and know how to can fruit and vegetables. Four of our girls have won the Award with a fifth almost ready to qualify. As we have only nine girls in our Troop we are quite proud of our record.

We hope you will enjoy hearing about our more quiet fun, as much

Below are two scouts from the Blythedale Home for Crippled Children, Hawthorne, N.Y. Read the letter above, telling how enthusiastically these girls have taken up scouting. Their work should be an incentive to all Girl Scouts.



SCRAP BOOK

as we do reading about the wonderful things other girls do. Who knows but that some of us may be able to join you, some day!
Pauline Roseman, Hawthorne, N. Y.



*Emma
Freeman,
Savannah,
Georgia.*

In four years this Savannah scout has not missed a troop meeting, and has been tardy only once in that time, having been detained at the dentist!

MY PATROL

I have a group of Girl Scouts
 They are an awful care,
 For when I take them out to drill
 Their minds are everywhere.

When I say "Tention," there they stand
 As if I'd said "At ease,"
 They seem to think that "Tention,"
 means
 To do just what they please.

But though I'm oft discouraged,
 (They don't know left from right)
 They could do really well—if they
 Would try with all their might.

And they are so good natured,
 That though I do act mad,
 I wouldn't change my bunch of girls
 For anything I had!

*Iva H. Adams,
Youngstown, N. Y.*

"A 1919 winter in Minnesota."—Gentian Troop 24, of Minneapolis, has been taking advantage of the unusually mild weather this year, and hikes and picnics have been continued right along through the winter.



TAG DAY IN COVINGTON

The Girl Scouts of Goldenrod Troop I, Covington, Kentucky, helped in the selling of tags last fall.

I was at the Railroad Passenger Station with three other scouts. We had hoped for this assignment as we thought it was the best place for disposing of our tags. We were right in this for we sold many more than our allotment.

Many exciting incidents happened, some of which I will tell about. The Scout Master of the Boy Scouts passed on his wheel. I noticed that he had no tag so I ran after him with the hope of making a sale. He had been spied by another scout and she too went after him, both of us reaching him at the same time. Besieged on both sides the poor man didn't know what to do. We both insisted that we had seen him first so he finally decided that it was his duty to buy from both. He reached for the necessary coins and produced a quarter and a nickel. Then came the trouble of deciding who should get which. The bewildered man was certainly having his troubles. He solved this difficulty by tossing up the money. I chose "tails" and was unlucky enough to lose the quarter. However, it all went for the same cause.

I stood wishing for something exciting to happen, and as if in answer to my wish, a long freight train came into view. Immediately all four of us ran toward it wildly waving our rings of tags. The train didn't slow down, but why worry about that? We were out to sell all we could so we ran with the trains. The fireman bought a tag from one of the girls and the engineer motioned for me to get one ready for him. I slipped it off my ring, the train still moving at pretty good speed. I saw that there was nothing to do but run along the side of the engine, so run I did! By much stretching I managed to hand the tag to the engineer and he dropped his money. The train kept on, and I thought to myself, "Oh, was it worth all that running?" It certainly was, for at my feet lay a shining quarter!

I would take too long to tell of all the things that happened that day, but it is enough that four of us took in about \$30.00 in the short time we were there.

Marjorie Cobb, Covington, Ky.



INSPECTION

Inspection! Awful thought!
 For which we must prepare
 By washing hands and brushing
 shoes,
 And neatly combing hair.

The Captain does inspect us
 In most minute details,
 From proper angle of the hat,
 To carefully cleaned nails.

"Two off" (without her hat),
 "Insignia misplaced."
 "Why don't you think of that?"
 "Your shoes aren't neatly laced."

Olga C. Leary, Jr., Boston, Mass.

WANTED!

More contributions for The Scout Scrap Book.
 Letters—not over 300 words long—entitled "What I Like Best About Camp Life."
 Photographs (must be sharp), or Drawings; "Summer Fun."
 Verses—not over 24 lines long—on any camping subject.
 All contributions must be received by April 10th. The best material will appear in the May Camping Number.
 Address: THE RALLY, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 1 Madison, Ave., New York.
 Read above rules carefully.

Scouts Griffith, Rusky and Voudy of Philadelphia, helped during the influenza epidemic by peeling potatoes for the Northeastern Hospital.





"Peach Pit Champions" of Washington, D. C. These girls (none over thirteen years of age) gathered thousands of peach stones for the Government. Left to right the girls are Lillian Dorr, Troop 60; Helen Collier, Troop 33; Eva Tarulush, Troop 60.



Three Golden Eaglets in one troop! That is the record of Golden-rod Troop of Hammond, Indiana. The "Eaglets" are (left to right) Beatrice Pepperdine, Edna Muchlberger and Ruth Smith. Ruth, by the way, is only twelve years old.

Hammond Girl Scouts first organized in June, 1918. There are now three troops, numbering sixty-seven registered scouts. These girls have been very active in war work. Five of them have War Service pins, and over two-thirds of them pledged to the United War Fund. Among other things Hammond scouts found time to make fifty little dresses for Belgian children.

UNUSUAL S

Girl Scouts are active—Every one knows that they are also interesting in



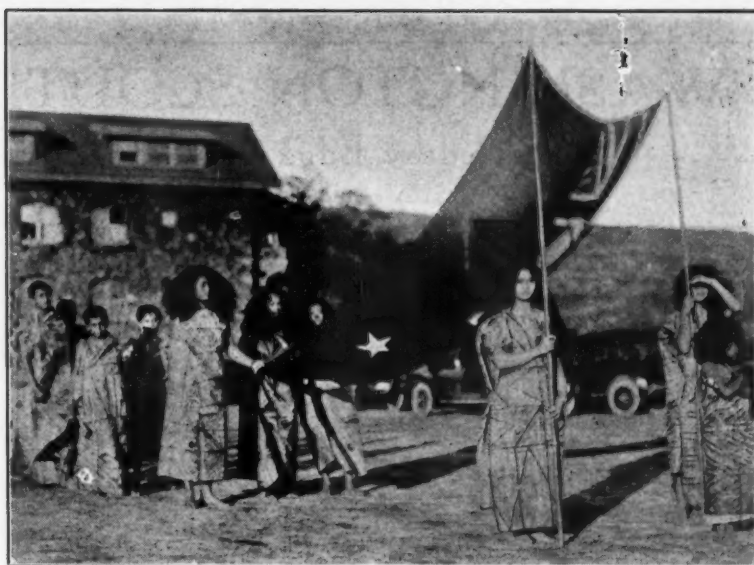
Hawaiian Girl Scouts are just as loyal little Americans as anybody. Here they are shown helping Uncle Sam out by obtaining Thrift Stamp pledges from their countrymen.

Eleven wide-awake Scouts of Bucyrus, Ohio: Left to right—standing: Mabel Kleia, Troop Drummer; Isabelle McFarland, Troop Writer; Esther Bieber, winner of 4 War Service Awards, Major in County's Vacation Stamp Sales; Evelyn Schieber, Troop Fifer; Helen Miller, Troop Drummer. Sitting: Mary Secrist, operates Telegraphic Instrument; Edith Yocmans proficient in First Aid; Margaret Weber, comprehends Milk Testing; Margaret Powers, Troop Bugler. Holding the Ball: Evelyn Class, Basketball Star; Marjorie Gerard, "Always on the Job" Scout.



L SCOUTS

Every knows that. This page
in a variety of ways.



Here are the Hawaiian Girl Scouts again, this time taking part in the Pan-Pacific Carnival. There are over 250 Girl Scouts in Hawaii, divided into ten troops. The first troop was registered November, 1917, and since then the movement has grown rapidly. Hawaiian scouts enjoy doing just the same sort of things that other scouts do. They drill and signal, and practice First Aid. The picture on the other page shows that they serve their country too.

Lillian Granese, Drummer of Troop 1, the Bronx, N. Y., beat her drum merrily as the drafted men left for camp. Bad weather did not keep her from giving a cheery send-off to every division sent out by the Local Board. Now she is ready to welcome the men home again. Troop 1 has rendered other patriotic services in the form of Food Conservation, Thrift Stamp sales, and Community work.

is a group of our very first Girl Scouts—or Girl Guides as they were called. The picture was taken in Savannah, Georgia, in 1913, one year after the first Troop was formed. Read the story of these first Scouts on page 15. It is from this group that our present organization has grown, numbering forty thousand members and reaching from coast to coast. Last year alone our membership more than doubled.



Speaking of Scouts doing interesting things, we can't resist slipping in this photograph of Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, and Miss Caroline Lewis, snapped at Central Valley, N. Y., last summer while the film "The Golden Eaglet" was "in the taking." Between scenes Mrs. Bacon and Miss Lewis have settled down by the pump to discuss some of knottiest moving picture problems. By the way, if you haven't yet read Mrs. Bacon's story "Her Stepmother," on the first page of this issue, don't neglect to do so. It is a real girl story that will interest you.

WASHINGTON SCOUTING NEWS

Edited by Edna M. Colman—Director

215 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Readers of the Rally:

The Girl Scouts of Washington, Salute You!

In this, our initial appearance on THE RALLY pages, we take great pride and pleasure in introducing to you some of the members of our Local Executive Board. When you read what they have to say about Girl Scouts you will understand why Scouting is steadily going over the top in Washington. (See page 11.)

We have pledged ourselves to join THE RALLY staff to help make this the leading girls magazine of the land.

Every District of Columbia Girl Scout is urged to compete for the prizes offered for the best story, letter, poem and sketch turned in from now until June 10th. Prizes are also offered to the local troop and scout securing the greatest number of RALLY subscriptions by April 1st.

EDITOR.



Virginia Maupin, formerly of Troop 22, Champion Liberty Bond Seller. Sold 104 Bonds totalling \$22,000 in the Fourth Loan. She is a Lieutenant in Troop 31, Dennison School.

ACTIVITIES OF 1918

Diet Kitchens—Total output supplied 7821 Influenza patients during height of epidemic.

Christ Service—802 packages put up in answers to Santa Claus Letters, including box of candy.

One hundred and seven children from Associated Charities list supplied with clothing and toys.

Sixteen Comfort bags to Isolation wards at Camp Lee, from Troop 35, Fleur de Lis. Mrs. H. A. Colman, Captain.

Twenty-five dollars donated to help work of Diet Kitchen by Troop 60. Mrs. M. Dorr, Captain.

Melting Pot Fund turned over to support 4 Belgian orphans for 1 year.

Troop 8, Daffodil, has won the award for recruiting, having grown from 3 to 27 in three months. It will be awarded at the March Rally. Mrs. C. C. Pyles, Captain.

Troop 21—Narcissus has the honor of holding the D. C. Banner for 1918.

It is also the first troop to have 4 of its members awarded the Golden Eaglet with 1 more ready for it.

It is also a prize winner in the War Garden contest. Mrs. R. J. F. McElroy.

Troop 9—Buttercup, Miss E. B. Bache, Captain. Gave headquarters a beautiful silk flag for Christmas. Made donation toward the Christmas Candy fund.

Had six Liberty Loan Medal winners in the Third Campaign.

Has 6 scouts qualifying for Golden Eaglet.

The Golden Eaglet Film is Ours! It has arrived and already there are six bookings!

Troops 8 and 35 have combined wool and energies and making an afghan for a bed at Walter Reed Hospital.

Next month, we will start our Honor Roll. Send in all names, addresses and rank of Captains and Scouts in the Service.

Space is scarce, get your notes in early if you want them in.

We will also announce our editorial staff next number. The hardest workers and best writers get the jobs and honors.

EDITOR.



Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, Supervisor of Playgrounds, whose account of the Girl Scout Diet Kitchen appears below.

"The Diet Kitchen maintained by the Girl Scouts was especially appreciated by the Playground Department of the District of Columbia.

"Many children came to the Playgrounds too hungry and cold to do more than sit around the fire. Under-nourished, they easily succumbed to the epidemic. When this condition was made known to the Girl Scouts, they extended their relief work, with the aid of Mrs. William G. McAdoo, to the playgrounds and hot soup made by them, was distributed daily during December in two of the poorest sections of the City. This soup did a great deal of good. Besides giving nourishment to the children, families with influenza cases, near the playgrounds were also supplied. Ten gallons will feed a hungry multitude.

This was the first hot food some would have in the day. Where mothers were out at work the children

(Continued on page 15)



War Garden Tableau of Troop 3, to be shown to stimulate an interest in gardening among children.

Who's Who in Scouting in Washington.



Mrs. Newton Baker



Mrs. Herbert Hoover



Mrs. V. Everit Macy



Mrs. Medill McCormick



Mrs. Chas. Hamlin



Mrs. Louise Thompson



Mrs. Henry Dimock



Mrs. Robert Taft

Letters from Commissioners and Executive Board Members

"One of the real values of the Girl Scout Organization is the inculcation and application of two great virtues—truthfulness and kindness.

"The cultivation of moral principles and a love and understanding of nature contributes in large measure to the qualities of good citizenship, one of the duties and privileges women will soon enjoy.

"ELIZABETH BAKER."

"The Girl Scout Movement appeals to me because it has so much to offer a girl during the formative period of her life. Through the variety of activities, she is given an opportunity for development, both mentally and physically. The democratic spirit, which prevails, teaches her the value of comradeship, and she learns early the best lesson life has to teach, that is the joy of doing for others. When she completes her Scout training she is equipped for the emergency as well as for the every-day task. She has also formed definite ideas of her duty as a citizen, and at once takes her place in the activity of the community."

"RUTH McCORMICK."

"The fine work of the Girl Scouts in the past opens up a great field of usefulness in the future.

"Such a training for a girl cannot but have an important effect on after-life—far reaching to the next generation.

"If this work can only become widespread and deep-rooted it will have an enormous influence on the future of this country and will inspire unselfish loyalty and patriotism.

"A. P. HAMLIN."

"Girl Scouting to me means the education of the Girls along practical lines.

"SUSAN WHITNEY DIMOCK."

"I look back with rather envious eyes, to the days when I was a captain and not a Councillor. I miss the close association with a troop. I miss particularly the outdoor things we did together.

"The scouts are sometimes inclined to feel that they get their real work done indoors and have their outdoor meetings merely for the fun there is in them. But I feel that the outdoor side of Scouting is as important as anything in the movement. Scouts do not want to get out and sentimentalize about "beautiful nature." But they do want to learn the self-reliance, the alertness of eye and ear, that come with open air life. And while they are at it they gain a delight in outdoor things which they can never lose.

"I think we are all agreed that the object of Scouting is to make good citizens, to develop character. Is there anything that develops more than camping? Ask the people who don't like it; also, of course, those who do. Seriously, the value of unselfishness and team work is so obvious in camp, that no one need preach about it. No girl can be very lackadaisical or very self-conscious when she is hiking up a good stiff hill. And, if dinner depends upon making a fire under difficulties, the most unimaginative person develops unexpected resourcefulness.

"I do not mean to imply that the other sides of scouting do not contribute to character development, but outdoors, we certainly gain character, health, and—is it important enough to mention—fun!

"MARTHA B. TAFT."

"I am enthusiastic for Scouting because it gives an incentive to good, healthful, live, recreational interest; and, because, by putting girls in touch with the world's problems about them, and by helping them to take their adequate part in the right solution of these problems, it provides opportunity for broadening girls' practical interest in life."

"LOU HENRY HOOVER."

"The Girl Scout standards and ideals grip a girl's imagination at the most formative period of her life and help her to meet worthily the emotional experiences of adolescence, for she has learned the moral obligation each scout feels toward herself, her comrades, her country; she knows why she chooses the Right.

"A Girl Scout is master of her soul.

"EDITH C. MACY."

"All the splendid aims of the Girl Scouts seems to me to be summed up in two words. Good Citizenship. In this age of democracy, of opportunity for both men and women the boys and girls cannot begin too young to face responsibility and realize the obligations these very privileges bring.

"At the vital age when characters are forming, the Scout movement instills self-control, moral and physical courage, patriotism, obedience, respect for law, high ideals and honesty in word and deed.

"Such training and influences must tend toward the improvement of not only the individual, but the community and the nation.

"LOUISE THOMPSON."

SCRIBES' CORNER—Letters from You, for You and about You

ELMIRA, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Elmira, New York, have taken an active interest in the drive for funds conducted by the Allied Charities of their city. On the opening Sunday of the drive Girl Scouts stationed themselves in every church to distribute the campaign literature and pledge cards as the congregations were leaving. Not content to stop at that, they requested permission from two stores to arrange window exhibits, and the following day the people of Elmira could not enter the shopping district without seeing these eloquent appeals to their hearts to aid the drive.

D. D., Local Director.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

The following is a report of the activities of Sunflower Troop No. 1, Hutchinson, Kansas, for 1918:

Collected for Soldiers' Library, 1,000 volumes; distributed 2,500 Liberty Bells and posters and took part in a pageant for the Third Liberty Loan; sold Thrift Stamps and made a record in inducing people to start Thrift Stamp cards; distributed cards and announcements for the Y. W. C. A.; sold Fourth Liberty

Bonds to the amount of \$3,000; subscribed \$175 to Victory Girls' Fund for United War Workers; collected 386 "Slacker" phonograph records; made 40 scrap books for soldiers hospitals; knitted 10 sweaters, 8 pairs socks, 10 pairs wristlets, 4 helmets and 12 comforts.

The average age of these girls is thirteen years.

Mrs. W. G. F., Captain.

LAKEVILLE, CONN.

A newly organized scout troop in Lakeville, Connecticut, gave an entertainment to earn money for equipment, etc. The scout film, "The Golden Eaglet" was shown combined with a miscellaneous program of songs, drills and moving pictures. The girls themselves sold the tickets, managed the advertising, acted as ushers, etc.

Ten dollars of this money has been given to the captain of the troop, who is about to move to South Dakota, with which to start a Girl Scout Troop in that state. This new troop is to be the daughter of the Connecticut Troop, and much interest and stimulation is expected from this relationship.

Mrs. A. M. F., Captain.

BABYLON, N. Y.

Something rather wonderful happened in Babylon, tonight, and I want to try to share with THE RALLY the thrill which we have experienced.

It is, you know, the Birthday of the Boy Scouts and we were invited to attend the service held in their honor, at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. At the request of the Scout Master of Troop I, the girls and the boys marched together to the church.

As we approached, the doors were flung wide for us, and out of the night we marched into the big, crowded church on reverent, quiet feet. First came the Boy Scout colors and their troop flag; then, the Scout Master and the Girl Scout Captain, followed by a Patrol of captains who are being trained; then two big troops of Girl Scouts, in perfect step, eyes front and feet keeping the rhythm of the great organ's message; then two troops of Boy Scouts, our hosts.

And I seemed to hear the tread of scout feet go ringing down the years, making this old world a better, happier place because they had kept their oath and obeyed their laws. *C. B. P., Commissioner.*



At the end of the day's hike—a good camp supper. This is just one of the jolly scenes in the "Golden Eaglet."

MOVING PICTURE NEWS

The Golden Eaglet Is Successful.
Albany, N. Y., January 25th—

The Golden Eaglet was shown to an enthusiastic audience.

The Local Director, Miss Josephine Cameron, writes:

"Perhaps you would be interested in hearing of our very successful meeting on Saturday, when the Golden Eaglet was presented in Albany for the first time. The crowds that

flocked to see it! Not even our wild-est imaginary picture fancied a packed hall (not even a seat for a scout—they voluntarily gave up their seats for the onlookers) and we saw the absolute necessity for a second performance—even then there was a packed house. And, best of all, all Albany is most enthusiastic over the movement, and we are planning great things, beginning with a campaign for leaders to fill the great demand for new scout recruits."

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 1st—

"Every one is delighted with the Golden Eaglet and wants it repeated again soon. Best of all, the men folks (the Executive Board of the Council of Social Agencies for the War Chest Committee) believe it the best possible piece of scouting propaganda and insisted on our buying it for distribution in Ohio."

An invitational performance was given in Keith's theatre in Cincinnati for all the Girl Scouts, and about three hundred prominent men and women, including city officials, University and Public School authorities, and the workers of the different groups of social workers. There was a community sing for the first number on the program, ending with Miss Lewis' badge song "And Then the Golden Eaglet's Won!"

Besides Cincinnati and Miami Valley Local Council, The District of Columbia Association of Girl Scouts and Philadelphia Girl Scouts have purchased a print of the Golden Eaglet for the use of scout troops in their respective zones.

Who Will Be the Next?

Write to the Publicity Department, National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, for information.

HER STEPMOTHER

(Continued from page 1)

up, her cold growing steadily worse; but on the fourth her pride left her, and she lay hot and aching in her disordered room, a confessed invalid. Strange thoughts came to her: she lived over again much of her child life, her head was unsteady, and she slept without knowing where the dreams began. Her forehead was hot, her throat dry. Aunt Ellen was well-intentioned, but no nurse, and was deceived by the girl's quiet and drowsiness. Only when Helena called out one night for Grandmother Hunt was she alarmed, and when Dr. Hart looked grave and asked for her father's address, Aunt Ellen was utterly amazed.

"I thought she was getting on so well, I can't exactly say about James—his letters will be forwarded . . ."

Clearly there was little help in Aunt Ellen. The doctor sniffed angrily. "Is this the person to manage a high-spirited girl?" he thought, but he only said with a smile:

"I'll take the responsibility, then, Miss Ritch, and order a nurse up from the Bellevue supply. Oh, no! nothing serious, only she wants great attention, and we don't want typhoid, you know. I'll send right down."

There was another day—a hot, tossing, aching day. Aunt Ellen pattered about the room, asking what she had better do, and what Helena would like, till the girl cried with weakness and impatience. Though she had said not a word to her aunt about her father, and absolutely refused to continue the subject when it was introduced, yet Aunt Ellen's presence kept her trouble before her mind, and she went over and over the unhappy situation till her heart was breaking with pride and real sorrow—sorrow that she had not been able to fill his heart.

"Shall I bring up an egg, Helena? Do you want it boiled?"

"I never want to see a thing to eat! I wish you would go away!" she burst out, ungraciously. Aunt Ellen sighed.

"Feeling as you do, Helena, you will not regret that Dr. Hart has sent in for a nurse," she said in a martyred tone, and Helena, repentant, tried to answer kindly.

"Very well. It will be better, perhaps. I don't mean to be cross up," and she drifted off.

When she woke it was another day, though she did not know it. She had had a bad night, and felt very weak and irritable. In half-delirious dreams she had been hunted through the house by a cruel woman, who in-

sulted her in every way, only to be justified by her father, who was terribly changed, and who would not kiss her, but, waved her cold angry little note over her head and teased her with it.

She screamed and opened her eyes. But her scream was only a gasp, and did not catch the ear of the woman in the white cap and apron who was moving about the room. Helena watched her through half-shut eyes. This must be the nurse. She was quietly putting the disordered place to rights, and little by little the clothes disappeared, the glasses and cups melted away, the photographs were straightened, the rug shaken, the school-books piled on a table. Even the little silver toilet articles were laid in a polished row, and the faded violets were carried off. She came in again, and as Helena's eyes were closed, apparently, she went on with her work. A light fire was piled on the little hearth, and as the cheerful flames shot up, she opened both the windows, and for the first time in a week a great breath of fresh February air swept through the room. Yet again this comfort-bringer returned from a journey to the hall, carrying a thin glass bowl, with a handful of dark rich roses drooping over the sides. As she put it on the table her eyes met Helena's and she smiled.

"How do you do? I'm the nurse, Miss Evans," she said pleasantly.

Helena looked curiously at the tall slender woman with the snowy cap and apron. She had deep brown eyes and a beautiful smile, an air of quiet power, too, that struck the girl from the first. She guessed her to be about thirty.

"Now that you are awake, Miss Ritch, I will make your bed," said the nurse in a matter-of-fact tone. Helena had expected a more elaborate greeting, some explanation of her presence, some polite expression of sympathy to rub off the embarrassment of their mutual strangeness, but the nurse seemed to feel no embarrassment whatever, no necessity for explanation of any kind. She moved toward the bed with a pile of clean linen in her hand and drew back the counterpane. Helena raised her arm, and caught at the corner of it.

"No, thank you," she said brusquely. "This does very well. I am quite comfortable; I don't feel like getting up. Tomorrow, perhaps—"

"You will not need to get up at all," returned the other pleasantly, "and you will feel much more comfortable with the fresh things."

She loosened the counterpane from the foot and drew it off. Helena

was just weak enough to be unreasonably irritated.

"I am the best judge of what will make me comfortable, I think," she said, crossly, "and I prefer to stay as I am," and she turned over, grasping the sheet.

"My dear Miss Ritch, you are the worst judge in the world," said the nurse, easily but decidedly, "and I am here to judge for you. I am not a housemaid. I am a trained nurse, and whatever I do for you is the best thing, you may be sure. Give me the sheet, please!"

Half unconsciously Helena's hand slipped from the sheet. Never had she been so flatly corrected, so peremptorily ordered about. Yet it did not occur to her to resist. In a few moments she lay cool and clean from a quick skilful bath, among fresh sweet linen, meditating on the strange sense of pleasure that mingled with her confusion. This was an unusual kind of woman, truly. Perhaps all nurses were so. Perhaps she would learn to be a nurse and wear a white cap, and leave a hateful household—she was asleep.

For a week Helena saw only her nurse, and in that week she had already learned to admire her with the deep affectionate admiration that few girls have not at some time felt for an older woman. She found herself obeying without a murmur, submitting to correction with unheard-of docility, even confiding and asking advice now and then, when convalescence permitted longer conversations. Aunt Ellen she did not see, and did not ask for. She wondered if the nurse thought this strange, but Miss Evans never expressed the faintest curiosity as to her patient's family relations, nor, indeed, on any subject. Helena wondered if she had none. One day, when the remembrance of her great trouble came over her strong and hot, she turned on a sudden impulse to the nurse.

"Did Dr. Hart tell you why I was sick?" she asked.

"He said you were a delicate girl, and that the academy rushed the students too fast: I could draw my own conclusions," replied Miss Evans quietly.

"Did he say nothing of—of what had happened?"

"Nothing at all."

"I will tell you then," said Helena quickly, with a mounting color. "My father is going to marry again!"

She sank back on the pillows, and burst into a storm of tears. For a few minutes there was no sound, but the drip of the icicles outside the window and the girl's sobs. Finally she raised her head and looked at the nurse. Miss Evans was sewing,

and did not stop the needle for a moment as she said:

"Is she such a very disagreeable woman as that?"

Helena stared.

"I don't know; I never saw her," she answered.

"Oh" said the nurse.

Helena felt a trifle uneasy. Was she ashamed, she wondered? But no, of what should any girl be ashamed, in the way of grief and anger, who was treated as she had been?

"I—I—you don't seem to see. I am all my father has," she began.

"It seems, however, that you are not enough, if he is going to marry," returned Miss Evans calmly.

Helena gasped. There was absolutely nothing to say to such a brutal statement. She had tried to avoid telling herself just that, and now it was hurled at her from a stranger!

The nurse looked up from her sewing.

"Of course," she continued, "I can see, my dear, what cuts you, but I am sure you need not feel that you have failed just because you are not enough for your father. I know that when a girl has tried for so long to fill her mother's place, to anticipate every want of a tired overworked man, to interest herself in his affairs, to make his leisure hours, at least, amusing, to try, in a word to be both daughter and—"

"Oh, stop!"

Helena was buried in pillows. She felt as if she had been plunged in an icy bath without any warning. Her head was in a whirl, her heart was beating to suffocation. Was this—was all this what a stranger took for granted? Had all this been her commonplace duty?

"And you are a delicate girl," added the nurse quietly, "and have not the strength for such a responsibility, with school duties into the bargain, and your own friendships and amusements."

Helen writhed under the sheet. What had she ever considered except these: "Her own friendships and amusements and her school duties?"

She was too utterly stunned to cry, as in a flash of lightning she saw a picture she had never seen or dreamed of before. "A tired overworked man; interest herself in his affairs; make his leisure hours amusing—" That was her father! She had never thought of him as needing any help, any sympathy. She, the little motherless daughter, the baby, had been the one to be considered. Everyone had thought that—

"And believe me, I know just what it is to have been the confidant, the companion, the close friend of one's father, and then to see that place be-

gin to be filled by someone else. But I wonder if the grief is not just a little selfish? After all, one wants the best for him just as one wanted it before—isn't it so?"

She stopped sewing, and had Helena been looking at her, she would have seen that the competent firm hands of her nurse were trembling a little. But Helena was not looking. Her eyes were buried in her pillow. She wished the sheet had been heavy enough to smother her out of sight forever. That last touch had been too much. "The confidant, the companion, the close friend!"

If any girl who had been all that felt selfish when she grieved at giving it up, what should she feel who had never been any of it? She was not fit to feel sorry, even. Dog in the manger—to refuse to give up a place she had never filled! She thought of her miserable little letter to Alice E. Marsh, and blushed to her neck. And this was perhaps to be the first comrade her poor lonely father had had for sixteen years!

"As for the hardest part of all, the fear that any stranger would think of trying to take one's mother's place. I think that is a mistake all girls make. I remember I was afraid of that."

Helena groaned. Nobody had ever taken such a place for her—she had not expected it.

"But no woman would be so foolish," added the nurse, "to be a friend, a companion, an adviser—"

"Oh, if it were only you!" said Helena, and gasped a moment after. She had considered it! She had accepted it! She was even now wondering how she should efface that letter!

The nurse laughed a little. Her cheeks were as red as Helena's own.

"This photograph came for you a day or two ago," she said. "Will you have it on the bed?" Helena's hand trembled, but she held it out bravely.

"Yes, thank you, Miss Evans," and she broke the big yellow envelope. She hardly knew herself: she felt so humbled, so exhausted, so mean—and so glad, somehow, when she thought of her father. At least he was going to be loved properly, at last, by someone who was better able than she to do it, and show it.

"Before you open it," interrupted the nurse, "I want to tell you a story—may I?" With her hand on the girl's she went on, quickly:

"I—I had a friend," she began, "a trained nurse like me. One of the lecturing physicians of her hospital was taken very suddenly and seriously ill with influenza, which rapidly developed into pneumonia.

She was given the case, and nursed him till he recovered. She—she admired him very much. Just before he started South for the few weeks of his convalescence he told her about his life, and his little daughter and her life. He asked her if she could give up nursing to come and live with him and his little daughter. He said he thought she could help them both.

What interested the nurse greatly was that she had been left alone, too, and had found in her father's second wife her greatest friend. She hoped to be something of this to the girl, in whom she was greatly interested. Among other things she persuaded the girl's father that the life she would get at college—one of the dreams of the girl—would be a very good thing for her, and she told him that if the academy preparation was too hard, she would be more than glad to fit the girl herself—the nurse was a college woman.

"She found, however, that the girl did not like her, did not care to live with her—"

Helena tore the picture from the envelope. Below the white-capped figure with the lovely eyes were written the words *Alice Evans March*.

"Is Papa better—well?" she cried, a sudden terror in her eyes.

"He is quite well. He is coming in a few days. He has been to the South. He is coming to see if the nurse he sent to his daughter has accomplished what they both hoped she might. Because if she has not—"

"Ah," said Helena softly, "if she had not, then his daughter would be even more of a pig—yes, a selfish pig—than she is."

She kissed the photograph quickly. "You are much too pretty and good and clever for his daughter, though," she said to the nurse in the picture, "she did not deserve you. She wrote you a nasty letter—"

"If I have forgotten it," said the other, holding out her hands to Helena, "need you remember it, my dear?"

Her Stepmother was first published as one of the stories in a book for girls. This book may still be obtained from Charles Scribner's Sons. The story is reprinted here by permission of the publisher.

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HOW THE FIRST PATROL FORMED

Just Seven Years Ago This Month

By Edith D. Johnston, First National Secretary

WHEN a group of girls in Savannah met one Saturday in March, 1912, to form a patrol of Girl Guides, little did they realize that they were making history, and to them would belong the honor and privilege of being the first members of what is now this splendid organization, the Girl Scouts of the United States.

To one who has followed the growth of the Girl Scouts almost from its beginning, the development has been remarkable, but not surprising, for it did not require more than ordinary vision to look ahead and predict a future that would be both bright and prosperous, with far reaching results.

Mrs. Juliette Low returned to Savannah early in 1912 for her annual visit to her former home, filled with enthusiasm for the organization of the Girl Guides which had at that time spread from England to Scotland, to the continent, and to the British colonies—and because Savannah was her birthplace, she could think of no finer contribution to the girls of her native city than to open to them a way to obtain the training offered through the plan of the Girl Guides.

Accordingly she invited a few of her friends to meet her at the Louisa Porter Home on the afternoon of March 9, 1912. At the meeting were present Mrs. Randolph Anderson, Miss Nina Pape (now a member of the National Executive Board), Miss Marjorie Vandiviere, Mrs. Beirne Gordon, Mrs. Robert Billington, Miss Elizabeth Beckwith (the present Commissioner of the Savannah Board of Councilors), Miss Caroline Woodbridge and Miss Sal-

lie McAlpin. Mrs. Low presented to these women the details of the English organization of Girl Guides, and discussed with them ways and means of forming patrols among the girls of the City.

The following Saturday morning a group of girls met at the Louisa Porter Home with Mrs. Low and Miss Vandiviere. Mrs. Low explained to the girls what the Girl Guides of England were doing, and organized the group into a patrol, appointing Miss Vandiviere captain. The new members were taught the laws, how to tie knots, and some of the other Tenderfoot tests. A game of tennis was played in the court across the street, and before the close of the meeting Mrs. Low served light refreshments. The girls who became members of the first patrol of Girl Guides were Gertrude Driscoll, Marion Corbin, Sena Jones, Robbie Foster, Elizabeth Purse, Dorothy Mock, Bernice Fetzer, Florence Crane, Elsie Espy, Walton Brewer and Jean Cunningham.

The history of the first patrol is necessarily an account of the Savannah organization, for there was laid the foundation for the national organization. Following that meeting, other patrols were formed, and in a few weeks' time 108 girls had been enrolled as members. Mrs. Low gave the use of a small brick building for headquarters, partly furnishing it, and also a beautiful playground just across the street.

The absence of municipal playgrounds made it possible for the organization of Girl Guides to progress to a marked degree the following winter, for the Savannah girls were hungry for the very things this or-

ganization offered. And yet it succeeded under many difficulties, for there was no national organization to commission captains, or give aid and advice when problems presented themselves, there was only the English handbook to which to refer, and last but not least, there were no badges. The present Captains and Girl Scouts, especially those who are undergoing the throes of organization, can easily imagine what such drawbacks meant.

Elizabeth Purse, of Savannah, now Mrs. S. S. Ellis, had the distinction of winning the very first proficiency badge. It was most disappointing to the girls to pass their tests and work for badges, and then not receive their awards, so that first year temporary badges, which were very crude, were made by the Secretary and Captains, until real badges could be procured, and these were given to the girls when they won them.

In the early spring of 1913 Mrs. Low came again to Savannah and seeing the growth of her work and the enthusiasm that prevailed in every individual member found that her experiment had succeeded, so she then decided to extend her influence further and make it possible for girls in every state in the Union to become members. At this time the name of the organization was changed from Girl Guides to Girl Scouts.

An office was opened in the Munsey Building in Washington, D. C., badges were ordered, the first edition of the handbook, "How Girls Can Help Their Country," was printed, a secretary was placed in charge, and so in July, 1913, was born the national organization of Girl Scouts.

THE SCOUT DIET KITCHEN

(Continued from page 10)

ate what was nearest at hand and that was mostly a cold bite. No weather was too severe to keep them from their hot lunch; across the playgrounds they would troop, straight to the shelter house door before the soup was due, watching with hungry eyes, for the inspector who, each day, brought the can.

Little snatches of conversation overheard here and there ran something like this: "We don't haf to beg noth' off nobody now." "Ma said I ain't to eat what's for poor children." said one. "But you may eat what's

for hungry children if you are hungry," replied the director, understanding the pride and the need. "Us is all hungry all the time," came the reply.

One day guests arrived just as the children were being served; seated at long kindergarten tables, they seemed a little uneasy. One child whispered to the other "You say it," and the other nudgingly replied, "No, you say it," when one little fellow piped up with "Let's all say it together" and to our amazement in solemn low voice this is what was said with heads bowed low: "Father, we thank thee for the night and for

the early morning light, for food and clothes and loving care and all that makes the world so fair." Our happiness would have been complete at that moment if Mrs. McAdoo, the Girl Scouts and their officers could have been in that little group.

May the Girl Scout diet kitchen live long and continue the work started by Mrs. McAdoo in her Influenza Emergency Kitchen for War workers, and may Congress see the good being done and give generous support to the Diet Kitchens of the District, is my humble prayer.

SUSIE ROOT RHODES.
Supervisor of Playgrounds.

Miss Laura Holland, National Field Captain, spent the latter part of January in Akron, Ohio, where during the week of January 27th she conducted a Training Course for Leaders. Miss Holland's work was undertaken at the request of the Akron Y. W. C. A. The course was well attended, and so much general interest was aroused that plans for a Local Girl Scout Council are now under discussion. During the month of February Miss Holland will be in Pittsburg, Pa., where she is associated with Mrs. Stieren of the Woman's Council of National Defense, for the promotion of scout work.

Miss Cora Nelson, National Field Captain, remains in New Brunswick, carrying the scout work forward there. Interest in scouting is rapidly growing and a New Brunswick Local Council is now in the process of organization.

Mrs. A. J. Mundy spent the last week of January and the first week in February in Brooklyn, N. Y., assisting the Local Director in the formation of a Captains' Association. An effort is also being made in Brooklyn to organize a Local Council. From Brooklyn, Mrs. Mundy went to Providence, R. I., where she is working with Mrs. Bedlow, Local Director for Providence, to build up the Girl Scout movement throughout Rhode Island.

"Where is my Liberty Loan medal, please?" That is a question that comes in to National Headquarters every once in a while, these days. Girl Scouts who won medals in the Fourth Liberty Loan are wondering why they have not received them.

Do not worry; the medals are coming safely enough. The truth is, ambitious scouts won so many Liberty Loan medals that it is all even a great big Jeweler can do to turn them out promptly. But be sure that everybody concerned is hard at work and your medal will come to you just as soon as it is done. Meanwhile remember, a Girl Scout is cheerful—even in spite of an unavoidable delay now and then!

(Continued from page 5)

letto turned to the boy, saying, in his peculiar and precise English:

"It is our pleasure and honor that you will become our surgeon. We have no one of sufficient skill, and it is that we may be in need of such ferry soon."

Charlie felt his pulse quicken. In spite of the fact that it was an enemy's ship, and he was a prisoner and far from anxious parents, he could not help feeling a glow of pride at being suddenly appointed ship's surgeon, with a prospect of active service. He looked hastily at Elsie who was regarding him anxiously. Then he returned to the Captain.

"And it is my pleasure and honor to accept," he said, as calmly as he could. "You have saved our lives, and I will do what I can to save

the lives of your men if they need it."

Just then Grief put his paws on Charlie's knee and looked him in the face, wagging his tail. The boy patted him on the head affectionately, as he thought that after all it was Grief and his poor crippled leg that had done as much for them as anybody. Then once more he turned to Captain Carletto.

"My cousin Elsie has spoken of being a nurse," he said. "I ask that she be appointed as such under my direction." Charlie had been thinking rapidly, and he remembered that the office of nurse is respected and honored by all nations.

Captain Carletto looked admiringly at the girl and spoke to the others. Then all regarded her as the Captain replied in English:

"The senorita does us far too great an honor, and my men declare that they will, for the sake of her care, be wounded in the first engagement."

Elsie blushed with embarrassment and then grew pale. The sudden responsibility terrified her.

"Oh" she trembled, "I'm afraid I don't know how to be a nurse."

"She is an excellent nurse," interrupted Charlie. "She had the care of this fellow" (pointing to Grief), "and brought him through in a week."

"Ah!" exclaimed Captain Carletto. "It is that her touch will be magic. I will myself be facing those Yankee bullets for that delight." Captain Carletto was about to continue when a sailor appeared in the door and said something rapidly, at which all hastily rose. As they hurried out the Captain turned to his prisoners, who had also risen.

"It is a sail!" he said quickly. "It is that we will perhaps need your services sooner than we expected!"

(To be continued)

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